

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Paper in the Eighth Congressional District
Respecting Associated Press Dispatches.PUBLISHED BY THE
SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1903.

The Springfield Hospital.

We are pleased at the earnest and enthusiastic spirit with which the citizens of Springfield are seconding the motion of the GLOBE-REPUBLIC for a hospital in our town. We can not think of any worthier object of their benevolence. Their unanimous and generous response to the suggestions made by this paper a short time ago is not so much a subject of surprise as of congratulation.

The practical beginning is to be made this evening. The churches adjourn to Black's Opera-House for that purpose. The meeting will be memorable, and should be a rouser. Attend the meeting and help its object.

The buckwheat crop is said to be not quite up to the scratch this year.

The gold-bugs of the east call the serene old silver cartwheel of the fathers "the buzzard dollar."

The Boston Post says that there is a town in Connecticut that doesn't fear the small-pox, because it's Haddam.

It is announced that the president ties his own necktie. If he had a marriage tie, now, he would not have to tie his own tie.

The Rev. Mr. Cheever, of New York, has invented a very ingenious cockroach for laymen outside of the church, it is supposed.

An ingenious gentleman has discovered what wars are for. They are to prompt careless scholars to a more accurate study of geography.

The wronged young woman with a pistol seems to be growing epidemic of late. Is it skating-risk that kills us, or is it something worse?

If the face that has been appearing in the newspapers for the last few days as that of Riel is a correct representation, his face ought to have been hanged.

Vesuvius is in another status quo. The eruption is expected to be a good one. Lava is pouring down the western side of the mountain splendidly.

A writer from Central America speaks of the deliciousness of roasted monkey. We think we should prefer baked horse, as not bordering quite so closely on a cooked fellow-creature.

The project of solving the problem of bi-metalism by putting the gold and silver together in the same dollar is broached in earnest by some money-doctors. And why wouldn't it?

Walt Whitman is said to be very popular with English ladies. They write to him, praising his verses. Some of his verses in the "Leaves of Grass" are quite ladylike reading, to be sure.

There seems to be little doubt that Pasteur has actually discovered the remedy for hydrophobia by inoculation. Mad-dog patients are beginning to resort to him from various parts of Europe.

The Latin Union has come to the conclusion that it has more silver than it can use. There is a difference between the L. U. and a fellow of our acquaintance: he can use more silver than he has.

A new element has been recently discovered. It is a metal of a brownish white color and about as hard as copper. It was found in nickel ore from Norway, and has been named Norwegium.

The New-York Sun quotes a couple of fierce scraps of editorial from the Cleveland Leader, and heads them "Specimens of Hebetudiness." This is a word that the Sun's cat left unswallowed.

Senators Blair and Frye are said to be the only members of the upper house who do not now and then indulge in the genial toddy. Two teetotalers in seventy-six is a small batch of heaven for so big a lump.

That genial humorist Tom Hubbard, of the Bellevue Examiner, says that "clothes don't make the woman, and woman don't make the clothes either, as a general thing." This is a clothes hit at truth, too.

Bees are great fools as larger people. A big horsey substituted in a hive for a dead queen will be reverenced by them as of the blood royal. Like their fellow-creatures again, they estimate by the size and the buzz.

Pearson Downs had been having a revival in his church since the court decreed the divorce against Sister Taber all on account of the affectionate parson. But the church, by putting a stop to him, has stopped the revival.

The British Medical Journal says that beetles is not nourishing but is only a stimulant. But would not about three glasses of beer do the work of a whole bottle of beetles as a stimulant, if that is all there is in it?

The Rev. Sam Jones speaks disrespectfully of the professional pugilist, and declares that he would not wipe his feet on one. Possibly he would not; for, if he undertook it, the pugilist would likely wipe the ground with him.

Having done with Guitenau's brains they are now discussing his bones. Hicks, his spiritual adviser, was accused by the Washington Star of having sold them to the medical college; and he used the Star for \$35,000 damage to his reputation, and the jury gave him 1 cent. But it did not appear what had become of the bones, and it does not yet appear. But the bones are not of as much consequence to the country as the brains, and even the brains of Mr. Guitenau have lost their interest.

Sheridan, in his report, is in favor of giving the Indians land. Yes, so are we. Give a good Indian land, and nothing else; and give a bad Indian land, but not so much—about 6 feet by 3. The Indians should have land, and be made to earn their living on it like white folks, or starve. This feeding of a lot of dirty, lazy Indians out of the taxpayers of the United States is an outrage and a fraud. Why should white men work to support great brutal, unscrupulous Indians? This is the Indian problem in a nutshell.

1st Genl.—Do you mean to say that I lie, sir?

2d Genl.—O no, not that. But, if you will pardon me, I will take leave to observe that you have an innocent faculty of substituting your alleged memory for history.

Non comes a writer in the New York Star and glorifies Noah Webster (Una bridged). He says: "This is the only great country which has but one language"; and, "No Webster, more than to any of all other causes, this nation owes its unity of language."

Hotel clerks tell of congressmen who put their names on the register in the middle of the page, so as to leave room for the clerks to write "Honorable" before them. After an hour or two the Hon. comes back and takes a glance; when, if he does not find that the clerk has done his duty, the Hon. becomes sulky.

The widow of A. T. Stewart seems to keep up the prestige of her late husband. She employs several laborers at Garden City in varied and arduous work, and has been paying them \$1 a day. But she felt that these wages were too hard on the estate, and she has recently cut them down to ninety cents. The poor widow!

A man guilty of the name of Choi Ah Jow and of the act of impersonating another man in a certificate issued under the Chinese restriction act was sentenced by a U. S. court in California the other day to a fine of \$5,000 and an imprisonment of five years. A man with a name like that has hard lines in this "land of the free."

From relics of the mound-builders recently explored in western New York, among which are effigies of the mastodon, it is inferred that those old fellows made use of the mighty extinct brute as a domestic animal—a beast of burden. A yoke of mastodons ought to have been able to trot away with a meetinghouse on wheels.

Two Tung-Tang is dead. Never heard of him? Well, Ts. Ts. T. was one of the greatest statesmen of modern times, and was as mighty a power among 400,000,000 people of our earth as Gladstone is among one-eighth of that number. The Chinese empire has been ringing with his splendid reputation for the last half a century. Never heard of Tsao?

It is said that the reason of Rose's Conkling's disgust with the other half of the human race is the mistake he made in being born in America. He intended to be born in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, but the present Czar got the start of him there, and Rose had to take up with the United States as a birthplace. This made him mad.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge (of England) and his bold son-in-law Adams have amicably settled the little scandal of themselves which the newspapers of two hemispheres have been so long tossing round the world. The Lord C. J. consents to "bless my my children" with an allowance of \$5,000 a year, if Adams will quit his nonsensical suit for libel, say, please.

A delegation has been seen to see the president about improving the Indians. We hardly know about the other Indians, but the best way to improve an Apache is to cultivate his brain. The best means for this would be—well, we would not make much difference between a Manchester and a Remington. But a breech-loader, in any case, we should say.

A lecture on the topic of "Fine Manners" says that "the basis of fine manners is truth." But supposing a lady takes you out of the kitchen for five minutes' call, and stays and stays till you know the bread is burning in the oven, and you want to tell her that she is a horrid old nuisance—which is what you think, and the truth, would it be fine manners to blurt it out?

The coachman who made such a splurge in marrying a daughter out of the Moroccan family some time ago, and who was so criticized all over the continent for his disregard of social distinctions, has just taken the position of driver on a street-car line in New York. And he is ridiculed in the newspapers for this. So the poor fellow can neither climb up nor climb down without being abused.

Rev. Dr. Houghton, of "the little church around the corner" in New York, who occasionally gives a Christian funeral to poor actors, has recently incited the police of that city to the discovery and capture of a couple of gambling dens where one of his "pillars" had been scooped. The rev. doc. means that his people shall possess their funds—wherever cometh the promptness of his salary.

An Italian astronomer has detected signs on the planet Mars which indicate to him that intelligent beings in that world are now trying to attract attention from dwellers on this earth. He is experimenting to discover what the people of Mars mean by these signs. This may sound insane; but what is there improbable in the idea that science may yet invent some method of intelligent intercourse between the peoples of planets?

In a remarkable sermon preached by Bishop Ireland in Baltimore last Sunday, he said, speaking for his church, "It is our intention to erect a National Catholic University right in the heart of the republic, at the seat of the national government, where all can look up and see what the Catholic church is doing for the advancement of science, literature, and humanity." A little less university and a little more school-house, bishop.

A gentleman of Thorndale, Canada, dropped in at the doctor's office, and, discovering some new vaccine quills, appropriated one of them for a toothpick, supposing that to be the article they were meant for. In using it he pricked his gums, and the matter took. Consequence is, the neighbors come in from miles around to behold his mouth. He is not talkative, and the food he is forced to take has a hospital taste that displeases him. He writes this on a slate: "The man who is vaccinated in the month never breaks out."

"The right of private judgment is absolute in every American citizen" is a saying of Garfield's that the Coshocton Age thinks highly enough of to carry as a motto under its title.

But the saying is more sounding than significant. Any citizen, American or other, always and everywhere, has "the right of private judgment," so long as he keeps it private. When he utters it, then it is no longer private, but public.

Wherein an American citizen has the advantage of citizens of some other countries is the right to make his private judgment public by giving it utterance. This is a precious right, but it is many and many a time abused to the extent of being a nuisance and a bore.

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

Jottings by the Wayside, of Special Interest to the Denizens of the Champion City.

Naturalization. The Finest Private Residence in Ohio. McCullough in Springfield. Held Bookwater's Mummy Show. Notes. Iowa Views.

The completion of Mr. P. P. Mast's magnificent medieval white-stone castle on West High St. seems to be farther and farther off, as work proceeds on it. The family expected to occupy it this fall, but it was impossible to complete it by that time, and it is probable that the finishing touches will not be added before next summer. The fact is that the building operations on such a house take time, just as some of the great cathedrals in Europe, which have been building for hundreds of years and are not completed yet.

Visitors to the Mast residence became so numerous lately that they have at last been denied admittance and "positively no admittance" stands on the face at every door. It is well known that the Americans are the greatest vandals in the world, as was instanced by the attempt some time ago of a big cawky woman in a black gingham dress, who tried to chip some of the letters off the tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park, to take home as relics, and was indicted when she was stopped in her work by a policeman. The great American vandal has got in his work in the Mast residence; long rows of names of visitors are written in big pencil marks on the walls, in order to show that the intempestively insignificant owners of the names have at one time visited the place. (A word of advice parenthetically: Don't write your name in any place of interest, whether it is a cave or pyramid; sensible and substantial people don't do it.) You may be sure that the names you see written in such places, would be worthless at the bottom of a check. Further than this, the visitors dandled the firewood and mangled the woodwork, they did down the banisters and spit in the ventilators, and made themselves a general nuisance.

In the Mast residence, Springfield possesses the finest residence in the state. Nothing in Dayton, at least, compares with it. A young Dayton plumber at work in the house when I visited it recently, said: "The finest residence in Dayton is that of Mr. J. D. Platt, of the Barney & Smith car works, and Mr. Mast's residence far surpasses it in architectural beauty, and in the elegance of its appointments."

The frescoes in the Mast residence have been covered with mosquito-burrs to protect them from dust, and the finishing is rapidly approaching completion. The plumbing is furnished by Gibbons & McCormick, of Dayton, is now being put in, and is the finest ever seen in this city. All the basins, fountains, etc., are made of brass, and an English firm, of Sheffield, England, "To give an idea of the expense of the plumbing, let it be stated that one of the large nickel-plated patent faucets cost \$45 each. The steam registers have an automatic regulator, which keeps the heat in the house the same at all times. This is accomplished by a thermometer with an electric attachment communicating with the furnace and boilers. As soon as the temperature falls below a certain pitch, the electrical apparatus acts, and causes more steam to be admitted to the pipes thus raising the temperature. When the room grows too warm the thermometer causes less steam to be admitted and thus reduces the temperature. The thermometer can be set at any degree of heat and the apparatus will maintain the atmosphere at that temperature—thus acting with a similar effect to the governor balls on an engine.

The house has some surprise in the way of unique inventions, and beautiful artistic objects at every step. There is a complete set of ventilating pipes throughout the house, thus carrying a steady flow of air in and out through all the rooms at all times. There will be electric call bells over the house and two elevators, operated by a water motor. There are marble basins in every room and tanks at the top of the house will supply all the rooms with hot and cold water. One of the most splendid rooms in the house is a long hall in the second story, northwest corner; this will be the banquet hall and a magnificent one it will be. Happening to say "yes" in this room, I was amazed to hear the "yes" in the word echo back with a sharp, metallic hiss that was exceedingly peculiar. Pronouncing a number of words which contain "s," I found that some peculiarity in the acoustics of the room cause this letter to re-echo with a sharp, hard hiss that was wonderful. Some one said "Saucy Mississippi steam-resses" in a loud tone in the room, and the effect was like that of stirring up several hundred locusts with a silver pole. A workman stated that when the room is furnished this peculiarity will disappear, but the empty room as it now stands with its mysterious faculty for picking out the letter "s" and hissing it like a four-foot bee, is a most extraordinary thing.

The library is one of the most beautiful rooms in the house, with its choice finishing in native woods and stained glass windows, with a portrait of the poet Longfellow in stained glass as the center piece. The library desks are of wonderful design and finish and the room will be a perfect dream of retirement and study.

Mr. Mast is to be congratulated on giving Springfield so magnificent a piece of architecture. A fine building on the side of a street is like a fine painting on a wall, with the difference that while a few may see the pictures everyone sees and admires the building. A distance the house looks like an English castle, and in a bird's eye view of the city has an imposing effect. With a few more architectural piles like Mr. Mast's residence and the Wittenberg College building, Springfield will compare favorably with any of the Ohio cities in respect to fine architectural features. As the Mast residence is the first noteworthy building seen by railroad travelers in passing through Springfield on the Bee Line from Cincinnati, and as every traveler always asks who owns the building and all about him, there is little doubt that Mr. Mast will get considerable fame out of his castle, if nothing else.

The papers are still filled with anecdotes and reminiscences of poor John McCullough. There was no actor of all the stars more popular in Springfield than was John McCullough. He played here twice—the first time at Black's opera house, where he appeared in Virginia, and the second time at the Grand, where he appeared at a benefit performance for Samuel Waldman.

A telephone subscriber, whose business makes it necessary for him to be frequently absent from his office thus speaks of a dishonest practice, which has grown to be a great nuisance. He said:

"About the meanest thing in the genus human I ever heard of, is certain persons who come into my office when I am away, call up an office in some neighboring city, talk 25 cents worth, and then leave. The amount is of course added to my bill when the end of the month comes, and I can do nothing else but foot it. The call of some men is adamant; think of a man coming into your office, calling up Xenia or Urbana, and leaving you to pay the bill at the end of the month. It is not the fault of the telephone people, as their only duty is to con-

BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE SAM'L WALDMAN, BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE

A THANKSGIVING JUBILEE.

Thursday Afternoon and Night, Nov 26.

MATINEE AT 2 P. M. EVENING AT 8 P. M.

GREATER THAN EVER.

PAT ROONEY

And his Grand New York Star Combination of 35 Celebrated Art sts, Brass Band and Orchestra, under the management of Fred. Wilson, Esq. Admission: Matinee, 25 and 50c.; Evening, 25 50 and 75c. Reserved seats at C. H. Pierce & Co.

CENTRAL BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

NO. 88 EAST MAIN STREET.

Our stock is now complete for fall and winter trade, consisting in part of Men's and Boys' Kip, Calf, Waterproof, Warm Lined Boots and Shoes and Rubber Boots, Arctics, etc. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat and Kid Button Boots, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat and Kid Lace Shoes, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Croquette, Sandals and Warm Lined Rubbers and Rubber Boots. All goods warranted, and bought direct from manufacturers.

No Middle Men. No Rents to Pay. No Clerk Hire.

Leather and Rubber Boots and Shoes Repaired. Custom Work to Order.

RICE & CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

We put on sale this week a bargain counter TO CLOSE ODD LOTS AND SIZES at half usual price.

When McCullough appeared at Black's he caught a terrible cold; from some cause the heating apparatus was out of order, and when the noblest Roman of them all came out, in the scant pink lights and thin muslin robes which go to the making up of the costume of a noble Roman of the modern stage, he visibly shivered as he went through his lines. The support also did a good deal of shivering. McCullough did some profound grumbling behind the scenes and swore he would never play at Springfield again, but he did.

Mr. Otto Schleier, an old Springfield boy, and well known in Springfield music and amusement circles, who has been traveling for some years with the advance corps of Cole's circus, has finally settled down in Cincinnati in business. He writes a friend, "I am tired of having made an honest living for so long a time, and have become a plumber." Mr. Schleier is in partnership with Edward Kooper, another Springfield boy, in the plumbing business on Sixth street.

A recent suicide in this city was characterized as a "rash act" in all the local dailies, weeklies and monthlies, and in the accounts which the correspondents of papers abroad sent out, the "rash act" was made a prominent feature. The phrase, "rash act," in referring to a suicide, seems to be as indispensable as "all went merry as a marriage bell," in describing a wedding.

Among the curiosities which have been purchased by Mr. John W. Bookwalter during his sojourn in Europe is a live, full-grown, and personally prepossessing Egyptian mummy in a magnificent case of coffin, if it could be so called. The coffin Pharaoh will be brought to the city at the same time the other curiosities are brought here for exhibition. Mr. Bookwalter bought the mummy as a traveling companion, probably, because it couldn't talk back when he called free trade and self-determination to it. Mr. B. has completely converted the mummy to the above principles and will, it is thought, advocate the claims of this mummy for the nomination for the governorship on the democratic ticket in '04, unless he concludes to have it ground up into brown paint before that time. The mummy would make an excellent candidate, as it would be unable to talk with its mouth, like the eloquent Hooley. However this may be, his mummyship will be gladly received into the first social circles of Springfield, because it is a representative of one of the oldest families, don't you know. And, to tell the truth, it will not be a whit less interesting to talk to than certain people which one meets in society.

A. H. Sweetzer, the pension examiner of this city, is now stationed at Harrisonville, Mo. He writes that the place is remarkably unexcited after Springfield and the east. Mr. Sweetzer is a native of Boston, and has all the idolatrous love which the citizens of the Hub invariably feel for her. He once made a remark which illustrates, in a word, the homesick feeling which the New Englander feels for the place of his birth. He said, after he had been living some months in Springfield without seeing Boston: "I would give \$200 this moment for one minute's sniff of the salt breeze which blows up from Boston bay."

It is said that Detective John T. Norris will apply for the position of state insurance inspector, on the strength of the experience he gained, extinguishing a fire at his house last week with a bucket of water.

By the way, there is a horrible fact connected with John's life which he has made the most strenuous exertions to conceal from the light of day. I heard of this detail in John's closet just the other day. Notwithstanding the pain it will necessarily inflict on him, I feel it my duty as a public journalist to disclose the horrible truth—John plays on the double at times.

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nect the subscriber with any line he calls for, and put on the extra charge, where an out-of-town connection is made. If I could catch the fellow who has been working this racket in my office, a receiver would have to be appointed in about five minutes for his remains.

"Look here," said a regular theater-goer to Manager Sam Waldman, the other day, "why in thunder don't you and the manager of the Grand arrange so as to avoid duplicating dates. Here we have had Denman Thompson, playing against Nat Goodwin, Adah Richmond against Alice Harrison, Hot Water, and Dan Sully against Baker & Farron—all these first-class attractions on the same nights. How can Springfield stand that? We have in Springfield 400 or 500 regular theater-goers who go to anything first-class. Now, when two good attractions are played the same night, this audience is divided, part going to one house and part to another; besides, by having two first-class entertainments the same night, a regular patron of amusements is bound to miss something that he is very anxious to see, as in the case of Nat Goodwin and Denman Thompson, who both played here Saturday night. I should think you managers could see and appreciate the situation."

"Everything you have said is true," said Manager Waldman, "we are overruled with listening to similar arguments; but let me explain once for all why it is impossible to avoid this duplicating of dates. In the first place, in mapping out dates in the Ohio circuit of one-night stands, different attractions are peculiarly liable to strike the same town the same night. For instance, four or five attractions are playing Cincinnati, and they each map out a route of one-night stands, and each company starts out the same day, and as there is always one most convenient route for playing Ohio towns, the chances are largely in favor of two attractions striking Springfield the same night. In the second place, we often book attractions so far ahead that it is utterly impossible to find out whether the date is occupied at the other house. Last year the manager of the Grand and myself had a formal contract, binding us not to play opposition attractions, unless the nature of them was so different as to appeal to different classes of auditors—such as Fannie Davenport and Buffalo Bill, or shows of similar diversity. We each gave bond in the sum of \$500 not to violate the terms of the contract, and all went well for a time. But the arrangement soon played out. An advance agent for some good attraction would come through, and have only one day left. We had to take that or nothing, and usually took it. Then, in negotiating dates several months ahead, we found it impossible to assure each other, so many months ahead, that there would be no opposition. Then, Saturday nights and matinees are, of course, the best paying of the week, especially in Springfield, and of course each manager wanted Saturdays. The result was easy to predict. We saw more and more clearly that conflict was unavoidable, and so, by mutual consent, dissolved the agreement."

It is not probable that the 3 and 40 blackbirds will flock again this season. The novelty of the idea has worn off, and those who had the management of the affair last year say that the duties involved were so weighty and troublesome that they would not care to undertake them again. The Women's Benevolent Society is, consequently, hunting around for an entertainment of an entirely novel character, as they are anxious to displace the magnificent sums raised in former years by entertainments for the benefit of the poor. It has been suggested by several members of the society that a play be produced at one of the opera houses by the best dramatic talent in the city. The great success of Mr. T. J. Kirkpatrick in his sketch in German dialect entitled "Karl," in last year's entertainment, has suggested that he be asked to appear in a German dialect play of the Joe Emmett type. Mr. Kirkpatrick has marked talent as a dialect comedian and would doubtless have great success.

Springfield will have to hustle or Dayton will get the start of her in the natural gas and coal oil business. Dayton not only thinks she has natural gas in the vicinity, but has the unspeakable audacity to hint that the discovery of coal oil near that city would be nothing miraculous. In the days of the coal oil craze Dayton capitalists got a touch of the mania and started to bore for oil. Huge derricks were erected on a farm near Dayton and the well was started. Boring continued while the craze lasted, but was soon abandoned without result. Now Dayton will probably bore for both natural gas and oil.

Old inhabitants state that the recent

natural gas discovery is the only one in the oil or gas line ever made in Springfield. It is true that many of Springfield's leading business men and capitalists dropped handsome sums during the Pennsylvania oil craze but the money was sunk in Pennsylvania, not Springfield.

Prof. Jackson, once superintendent of public schools in Springfield, and now a prominent lawyer of Des Moines, Iowa, has been visiting friends in Springfield during the past week. They have a bad attack of the natural gas craze in Des Moines, and Prof. Jackson is in Ohio for the purpose of investigating the methods of boring for natural gas. He said to me:

"I think we can find gas in Des Moines. There will be a popular subscription to raise the expenses of boring. Those who give the largest amounts will have an interest in the well, but the smaller amounts will be given outright. About \$10,000 will be raised and half a dozen wells bored."

"How about politics in Iowa, Professor?" "Well, it was a close shave to carry prohibition this year. Prohibition is a failure in the large cities. There are a large number of saloons in Des Moines and they even have the audacity to announce 'Drinks for Sale' on their signs. The bottles are fixed so that they can be broken in a second, so as to destroy the evidence if an attempt is made by any one to come in and get evidence to convict them. Then one of the Iowa judges has lately made the cheerful decision that the man who buys the whisky has committed a crime, as well as he who sells it. This disposes of informers."

"Dr. Leonard is well known throughout Iowa, as he has frequently preached and lectured in the larger cities. He had no sympathizers in Iowa during his late canvass. The people are down on political prohibition and the third party movement; and if Dr. Leonard's vote had depended on the suffrages of Iowa temperance people he would not have gotten a single vote. Iowa is an Ohio state. Both of our senators and several of our representatives were originally Ohio men. In Des Moines, and vicinity we have an 'Ohio Association' of 3,000 members."

"You ought to have sent that association to vote, Professor, especially if they originally hailed from Hamilton county."

"They would have been willing," laughingly rejoined the Professor.

"The Memoirs of General Grant will have a great sale here," said the agent for the work, yesterday. "I think there will be about 800 sold in the city of Springfield and the township. Everyone seems eager to get the book."

The play, "A Soap Bubble," which was played three performances at the Grand last week, was written by Montgomery Phister, the dramatic critic of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Phister is the fellow who makes the cartoons and humorous sketches for the Commercial Gazette, and who recently made a picture of Dr. Leonard, surrounded by a wilderness of demijohns and bottles of old rye. It is said that the only thing in the Com. Gaz. which annoys Mr. Leonard, of the Enquirer, is the caricatures of him drawn by Phister.

RAMBLER.

RICH MEN'S WIVES.

An Excellent Essay on Practical House-keeping for Young Couples.

Charles Herald.

The Herald has received the following inquiry from one of its numerous readers: "I am twenty years of age and have a pleasant home. My father is well-to-do, and, though we have never cut much of a figure in society, we have lived well, dressed well, and appeared well, and none of us have been accustomed to drudgery. My tastes and education would fit me, I think, for a rich man's wife, and yet I am engaged to a young man, a splendid fellow, too, who earns only \$100 a month. Now, I can't see how we are to live on that sum in the way that we have both been accustomed to, and I thought I would just ask the Herald what young people do in such emergencies."

This is the same old question which presents itself to every young couple as soon as they begin to think of striking out for themselves. It can be solved only in one way. The aim of most of the boys and girls of this day is to begin life exactly where their parents leave off. Sometimes this is possible by reason of parental ability and generosity, but it more frequently happens that they are compelled, after vainly attempting to keep up an appearance, to admit that they are poor, and that they are dependent upon what they earn for a living. When this confession has been made, it need not necessarily be a public one in the sense that it is to be proclaimed to the world in words—the first step toward success has been taken.

In reply to the Herald's last correspondent it may be said that her future depends entirely upon herself and her prospective husband, tempered as it may be by the fact

that her parents are well-to-do and able to assist her in time of need. She would like to step from her father's comfortable house to one quite as extensive, with as much costly furniture and as many servants, and continue an existence in which drudgery has no figure; but all that cannot be done on \$100 a month. That would be living as she has been in the habit of living, and as for the young man, it would be just what he has been accustomed to do, also. The Herald's advice to the young lady is to find her parents in a communicative mood and ask them how they began life. She will find probably that her father had an income of 75 cents or \$1 a day; that they lived in a house with two or three rooms in it; that her mother did her own work and made her own and her husband's clothes, and that there were times in their career when a salary of \$100 a month seemed like a princely stipend. Now will she discover that they live in a frugal manner, eating little for style and satisfied if they paid their way, and that a new piece of furniture, a new dress or a new coat was an event in their lives which has not been forgotten in the more recent years of prosperity. When she has weighed this information well, she will know what to do.

There are plenty of young women who imagine they are out expressly for rich men's wives because they know how to spend money. The Herald's young correspondents are hereby informed that most of the wives of the rich men of this country have at some time in their careers learned the art of not spending money.

LOCAL NOTICES.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Trial Bottles Free at Chas. Ludlow & Co's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and health will be restored in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Chas. Ludlow.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bites, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.